

# RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1858.

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## TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$1.50 per annum in advance. If not paid at the beginning of the year, \$2.00 will be charged.  
Advertisements will be inserted at \$1.00 per square of 12 lines for three or less insertions. For every additional insertion 25 cents will be charged. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisements.  
No subscription taken for a shorter time than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.  
S. B. ROW.

## PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

**D. B. F. AKELY,** Grahamston, Clearfield county, Penn'a. April 1.  
**D. O. CROUCH,** Physician, Curwensville, Clearfield county, Penn'a. May 14.  
**L. J. CRANS,** Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office adjoining his residence, on Second street. May 16.  
**GEORGE SCHULTZE,** Boot and Shoe Maker, opposite the Jail, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He sells low for cash. Nov. 10.  
**WILLIAM A. WALLACE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, one door north of the Post Office, on Second street. Sept. 1.  
**JOSEPH GOON,** Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Shaw's new row, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Made up work always on hand. Aug. 14.  
**ROBERT J. WALLACE,** Attorney at Law, (and District Attorney) Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street. May 23.  
**H. BUCHER SWOOPPE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, one door east of the "Raftsman's Journal" office. Nov. 10.  
**P. W. BARRETT,** Justice of the Peace, Luthersburg, Clearfield co., Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Mar 25-1f.  
**THOMAS G. SNYDER,** Merchant, Dealer in Sawed Lumber, Shingles, Square Timber, &c., Kyrletown, Clearfield Co., Pa. July 1-37-4f.  
**WILLIAM F. IRWIN,** Market street, Clearfield, Pa., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Family articles generally. Nov. 10.  
**MERRILL & CARTER,** Dealers in Stoves, Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware, second street, Clearfield, Pa. House-sprouting and Roofing done to order, on short notice. Nov. 1.  
**QUELICH & BENNER,** Manufacturers of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. They also make to order Coffins, and attend funerals with a hearse. Nov. 10.  
**JOSHUA S. JOHNSON,** Cabinet Maker, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He will also attend funerals with a hearse, called on for the coffin to order, on short notice. Nov. 10.  
**H. F. NAUGLE,** Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite the "Raftsman's Journal" office, Clearfield, Pa. Nov. 10.  
**D. LACKSMITHING**—Jacob Shunkewitz, thankful for past favors, would respectfully solicit continuance of a share of public patronage in his line of business. Shop on Third st. Nov. 10.  
**J. B. MENALLY,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick addition, adjoining the residence of James B. Graham. Nov. 10.  
**FREDERICK SCHMELT,** Clock and Watch Maker, Cherry street, (one door east of the Methodist Church,) Clearfield, Pa., will repair Watches, Clocks, &c., on short notice and reasonable terms.  
**L. ARIMMER & TEST,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 5, 1858.  
**THOMAS J. M'ULLOUGH,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., may be found at his office on Market street, one door west of Richard Moore's store. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. Feb. 13.  
**JOHN RUSSELL & CO.,** Tanners and Carriers, J. Pennville, Clearfield Co., Pa. Keep constantly on hand an excellent assortment of leather, which they offer for sale at the lowest cash prices. Hides of all kinds taken in exchange. July 15-54.  
**JOSEPH PETERS,** Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa., one door east of Montebello & Ten Eyck's Store.—All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice.  
**AMBROSE P. C. PURVIANCE,** Professor of Photographic Chemistry, Gallery at his residence on Second street, opposite the residence of Merrill & Carter's Tin-ware establishment, Clearfield, Pa. Days of operation: Friday and Saturday of each week. June 18-56.  
**JAMES B. GRAHAM,** Dealer in Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, Shingles, Boards, &c., Grahamston, Clearfield county, Pa., is prepared to fill, on the shortest notice, all orders for articles in his line of business, on as reasonable terms as they can be procured in the county. Jan 23-56-4f.  
**D. M. WOODS,** tenders his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite the office of L. J. Crans, Esq. Office, the same that was recently occupied by Hon. G. R. Barrett, where he can be found unless absent on professional business.  
**DENTAL CARE**—A. M. SMITH, offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations upon the teeth executed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements he is prepared to make artificial teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row, Clearfield. Sep. 15.  
**YOUTH TEETH**—DR. A. M. HILLS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now devoting all of his time to operations in Dentistry. Those desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence, at nearly all hours, and always on Fridays and Saturdays, unless notified otherwise in the town papers the week before. All work warranted to be satisfactory.  
**WAGON-MAKING**—The undersigned announces to the public that they manufacture wagons of all descriptions, Buggies, Sleigs, &c., at their shop in New Salem, Brady township, Clearfield county, which they offer for sale at as reasonable rates as can be purchased elsewhere. They respectfully solicit a share of patronage.  
**CAMBRIDGE JOHNSTON,** WILLIAM LEWIS.  
**BOOT & SHOE MAKING**—The undersigned having entered into partnership in the above business, at the end of the new bridge, 14 miles above Clearfield borough, are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.  
**JOHN S. HOYT,** A. G. HOYT.  
N. B. All kinds of country produce and hides taken in exchange for work. June 23, 1858.

## For the "Raftsman's Journal."

### MY HEAVENLY HOME.

BY LOGAN.

I have a home not made with hands,  
In heaven eternally it stands,  
Surrounded by angelic bands;  
O, 'tis a glorious home,  
Far from that home I here remain;  
I toil and suffer on in pain,  
Until that heavenly rest I gain;  
My dear and happy home.  
If I had pinions like a dove,  
With steadfast eye on things above,  
I'd mount upon the wings of love,  
To that blessed home,  
My Heavenly Father to adore,  
To shout and sing forevermore  
His praise, with those who've gone before  
To their eternal home.  
—Loved ones are there, to me most dear,  
I knew them well when they were here;  
They sing in God, the Father's ear,  
Their God, who loves them true.  
I long to join that glorious band,  
To find my place at God's right hand,  
And sing with those who round him stand  
In their celestial home.  
I'm nearer now that holy place,  
Than you are, and I'm in His grace;  
And I shall soon behold his face,  
In joy and peace at home.  
And I draw nearer every day,  
More earnestly I watch and pray;  
I'm waiting now to hear him say,  
Come share thy Saviour's home.  
Dear Saviour, give us heavenly grace  
To fit us for that holy place,  
And help us still to run the race  
That brings us to our home.  
O, there shall we most happy be,  
From every sin and sorrow free,  
And all our bliss will find in thee,  
Our dearest Lord, a home.  
Arch St., Philadelphia, Oct. 23d, 1858.

### THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A few years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of our large workshops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit them to inspect the works.  
"You can pass in and look about if you please," said the superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspapers. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectfully but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretension to official dignity of any kind.  
"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the strangers.  
"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent. "We are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."  
It was not so much the manner as the manner of his reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty selfish temper on the part of the speaker.  
"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf bowing; and taking his companion's arm they passed out.  
"If there is anything that I dislike it is incivility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were once in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wanting to show us over the establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."  
"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger; and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk apparently, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "Oh, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewn with iron bars, broken and rusty heaps of iron, and fragments of old cylinders, into the principle workshop.  
Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they paused where the workmen were riveting the external coating of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon, Mr. Wolf remarked—"We will not retain you longer sir," and with his friend, took leave.  
"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf; "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."  
The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a locomotive with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building, not more than ten feet high, communicating with a yard and workshop. "Look," said the observer, here is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion. "Nevertheless let us try it," said Mr. Wolf.  
They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy apron and apron around his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and the counting-room.  
"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."  
"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.  
He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security during bursting.  
Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspicious manners. "Here is the man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolf.

"I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.  
"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."  
"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolf, and the strangers departed.  
Five months afterwards, as the mechanic whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and they sat down.  
"We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia."  
"From the Emperor? Impossible!"  
"Here are our credentials."  
"But gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"  
"Simply by your straight forward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolf. "Because we were strangers, you did not mind how hard to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were in earnest in acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited."  
The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards removed to the whole establishment there. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to this country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

### Webster Matched by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. Wm. Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the witness stand on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out, "We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know?" Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony. And notwithstanding the repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gasp, and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall. Webster then said, "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very pretty trick." Webster—"What was that, ma'am?" Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff." The roar in the court house was such that the "future defender of the constitution" subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again until Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness—having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.

### Case and Effect.

The Philadelphia Enquirer, commenting upon the late horrible massacre of a whole family in New York, by a son and brother, very properly, in our opinion, attributes the murderer's acts to the insidious construction of ardent spirits—to the infusion of the most dangerous and insidious poisons into liquors sold in every part of the country. To the formation, from subtle drugs, of essential oils and liquors, by which the commonest alcohol is converted into imitations of distilled spirits, which are sold in every part of the country, and which will account for the peculiar features of many crimes which have attracted the public observation during the last few years. We have noticed, too, that the deleterious effects of liquors made by modern processes are very confined to spirits, but they arise from many of the wines in common use, and even from ales, through the latter of which, *coliculus indidus*, maddening poison, frequently used to intoxicate fish, is often defused not only in Great Britain, but in this country. That the law will have to play its part eventually, to control the rapidly increasing traffic in such places, and to send a new era of expectation to have any regard to its peace and security, excise laws will be a necessity. The subject is one of great importance.

### The True Policy.

The true policy of a town is to support its own mechanics and business citizens. Permanent prosperity can only be secured in this way. If our business men, who pay our taxes, pay license, and keep the machinery of business moving, are neglected, and purchases made at other places, we can never expect to have a home market worth anything. Too many of our citizens are in the habit of buying articles of merchandise and mechanism in the cities, which can be obtained fully as cheap at home. Our mechanics cannot be excelled, and if we would prosper in business and wealth, we should make it a point to "support our own," and by so doing give employment to our people, and keep our money in circulation at home, instead of sending it abroad, to line the pockets of city merchants, and manufacturers, who contribute nothing to advance the prosperity of the "country towns." By patronizing the mechanics and business men in our town, capitalists do but contribute to their own interests, as the prosperity of a place always enhances the value of property.

A committee of an agricultural society out west, award a premium to a "fine cassimere goat." It must be a great curiosity.  
Avoid, as you would a pickpocket, the man who says "the world owes him a living."

## MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

Mr. Eliphaz Brown was a bachelor of thirty five, or thereabout; one of those men who seem born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up, and die in this world of ours.  
It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.  
Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five, who ran up to him exclaiming,  
"Father, I want you to buy me some candy."  
"Father?" it was possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it!  
"Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.  
"I spoke to you, father," said the little one, sweetly.  
"Really," thought Mr. Eliphaz Brown, "this is embarrassing."  
"I am not your father, my dear," he said.  
"What is your name?"  
The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke. "What a funny father you are," she said; "but you are going to buy me some candy?"  
"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Mr. Brown, nervously.  
The little girl clasped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.  
Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.  
In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.  
"I have bought you a pound of candy, just see how much candy father has bought me."  
"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time," Mr. Jones, said the lady, "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till night."  
"Jones—I—madam," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's all a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. I ain't my name, I am Eliphaz Brown, of W—, and this is the first time I ever came to this city."  
"Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife?"  
Mrs. Jones' tone was defiant, and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.  
"I haven't any wife, madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman I never was married."  
"And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones, with excitement.  
"If you're not married, I'd like to know who I am?"  
"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam, and always was."  
"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking the child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?"  
"Why, that's father!" was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hands on his.  
"You hear that Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know if you are not her father who you are buying candy for her! I would like to have you answer that. But I presume you never saw her before. I never did, I never did. On my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."  
"You did, did you? Bribed your own child not to call you father! O, Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"  
Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without any warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.  
Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.  
"Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Brown.  
"I don't know. She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her."  
"Why, it's Mrs. Jones ain't it?"  
"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."  
"Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no time for jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."  
Poor Brown was dumbfounded.  
"I wonder," thought he, "whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it. Perhaps I'm really Jones, and have gone crazy in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown." And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all, I will insist that my name is Brown."  
"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?"  
Brown said that there was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He, therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.  
Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.  
"Why, are you not going yourself?"  
"Why, no; why should I?"  
"Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered."  
Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones followed the lady in.

### MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

"Then," said he resignedly, "I suppose I am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth, I haven't any recollection of this house."  
Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor; but, good heavens! conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm-chair, who was the very *fac simile* of Mr. Brown, in form, features, and every other respect!  
"Gracious!" ejaculated the lady—"which—which is my husband?"  
An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that after all he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and a child to boot.  
Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened. He is afraid of losing his identity.

### Law for Dinner Parties.

And be it enacted, that dinner parties generally shall consist of two sects of persons:—1st. Those who know one another; and 2nd. Those who wish to know one another; and whereby awful pauses may be chiefly avoided at table; and that seven o'clock shall in future signify that hour, and not a quarter to eight; and that guests bidden at that hour shall assemble within a few minutes of the same, under the penalty of having to carve the most popular side dish; and that certain nicknames, and illustrated works, be put about the drawing-room tables, not in the notion that they will really amuse any body, but that they may form, as it were, harbors of refuge for the gapers, yawners, and uninitiated, who will then appear occupied, and not stand in painful and silent expectancy, or ask, if there is anything fresh in the evening papers, or scrutinize the lusters, and find that they have not the full complement of candles, or peruse the card book, and dig up undesirable ones from the bottom thereof.—[The Social Parliament, by Albert Smith.]

### MASSACRE OF AMERICANS BY MEXICANS.

The editor of the Providence Post, who has been shown a letter from Mr. John D. Austin, assistant superintendent of the El Paso and Fort Yuma Wagon Road, says: "Mr. Austin reports a horrible massacre at 'Dragon Springs, one day's travel this side of Tucson.' A party of four Americans and three Mexicans were employed there in building a station for the Overland Mail Company. The Mexicans made an attack upon the Americans on the night of the 12th of September, killing two and wounding the third so badly that he subsequently died. Mr. St. John, of New York, in charge of the party, was also badly injured that the amputation of one of his arms was rendered necessary. When Colonel Leach arrived at Dragon Springs, four days after the occurrence, he found St. John sitting by his dying companion with his diary in his hand. Neither of them had been able to get even a drink of water from the time of the assault. Their sufferings were very great. Hopes were entertained of St. John's recovery."  
SEEKING FLY PLAT.—Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big ship yard, in Washington, the other day, we observed a regular hard-weather sailor-looking chap, from a man-of-war, who in turn, was watching two men dragging a large cross-cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw was dull, the log terribly hard, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw—pull, push, pull, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a clip under the ear that capped him over end over, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out:—"Now run, you beggar."

### BABES.—The local editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery, which he has made, of great importance to mothers; it is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours. The *modus operandi* is as follows: As soon as the squaller awakes, set the child up, propped by pillows if it cannot sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put a half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes, more molasses and more feathers; and in place of the nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable!

## HOW COAL WAS MADE.

Geology has proved that at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding, when we recall the familiar fact that damp hay, thrown into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color.  
When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to a great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal—which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay or other earthy impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin, transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibre and cells very plainly. From distinct isolated specimens found in the sand stones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse-tails, club mosses and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as grows in clusters on tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are now found in the temperate and even in the polar regions.  
The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, gradually cooled down, and in the carboniferous period, it fostered growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. The high and uniform temperature, combined with a great proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, could not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create dense vapor, showers and rain; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measure points to such conditions.

### RUSSIA.—A gigantic fraud upon the Government had monopolized attention. The Government had paid twelve millions of roubles overcharge for constructing the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, the contractors being charged for a much longer line than was laid down. The rolling stock was furnished by an American company, according to distance, involving a fearful overcharge on this head also. Many influential persons are compromised by the transaction. Tremendous fires are reported to have occurred at Orel, and five hundred buildings are said to have been destroyed.

### AFFECTING INCIDENT.—A New Orleans paper says, a gentleman entering the city from (Osaka), found himself in company with four youths from Kentucky, going to New Orleans to seek their fortune. He endeavored to dissuade them from going in consequence of the prevailing fever, and advised them to take the return cars for home, or they would soon be the occupants of a grave-yard. They refused to return, saying that they would die first. They arrived in New Orleans, and, shortly after, three of them were buried, and the fourth was not expected to survive.

### ANOTHER HUMBUNG.—A new body of religious enthusiasts, called "Congregreites," have established themselves about 70 miles north of Council Bluffs, Iowa. The society comprises about 800 members, and all their property is held in common. The sect profess to believe in the Bible as the word of God, but also that it is in a measure done away with by a new revelation made since the year 1848, by "the voice of Banamey, through the medium of the Chief Apostolic Bishop." The new revelations are styled "the Law and Covenants of Israel."

### PREPARING TO RECEIVE US.—An English officer direct from Paraguay reports that Lopez is preparing effective modes of resistance and defense by building fortifications and obstructing the navigation of the river. He has placed chains and booms across, and proposes sinking light vessels in the channel, in which even our expedition could not ascend. Several Belgian and Hungarian officers are engaged in directing operations.

### FEMALIS IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.—Mrs. Lydia Studley, a woman of sixty-five years of age, has been convicted in Rhode Island of the murder of her husband by the administration of poison, and sentenced to the State prison for life. Mrs. Gardner, convicted of the murder of her husband, at Hingham, Mass., by poison, has been sentenced to the house of correction for life.

### A Celebrated Spiritualist, Dr. Randolph, has openly recanted. In a lecture at Utica, on Sunday a-week, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded upon his experience of nine years as a medium, that spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Dr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums.

### Newton said that the comet of 1680 after its nearest approach to the sun, was two thousand times hotter than red hot iron. He also calculated that if it was as large as our earth, and possessed the quality of cooling one hundred times faster than red hot iron, five hundred years would be required for it to lose the heat it had acquired from the sun.

### "John, what is the past of see?"

"Seen, sir."

### "No, John, it is saw."

"Yes, sir, and if a sea-fish swims by me it becomes a saw-fish, when it is past and can't be seen."